

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



ON THE LAKE.

ROGER KYFFIN'S WARD.

CHAPTER VII.—A FAREWELL VISIT—SAD END OF A FESTIVE SCENE.

THE reader may think, from the pretty picture which the artist has put at the top, that this chapter is to be a very tender and sentimental one. Such is not the case. Whatever there was of tender courtship must be supposed to have taken place between the end of last chapter and the beginning of this, which is one of the saddest in my tale.

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Like many young people thrown thus together, Harry and Mabel had formed a romantic attachment in a very short time, and with a not uncommon absence of all reflection as to the possible realisation of their vows of undying affection. Yesterday they had strolled through the woods of Stanmore, forgetful of the great world with its cares and crosses, and in a dream of happy thoughtlessness. To-day the sky was to be overcast, and the airy visions replaced by prospects of a more sombre kind.

"I have come to wish you good-bye, Mabel," said

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

Harry, and his voice trembled slightly. "Lady Tryon insists on my accompanying her to London, and I cannot refuse to obey her. It is time, and she says truly that I should choose a profession; but which can I choose? I should have preferred going to sea some years ago, but I am getting too old for that, and though I have no objection to the army, yet it would take me away for years, perhaps for long years, Mabel, and that I could not stand."

He looked affectionately into her face as he spoke.

"I should not wish you to go, Harry," she answered, in a low voice, "and yet I know that it is right and manly to have a profession. I should not like you to be in any better, and yet it is so full of dangers that I should be very miserable."

"No, I see, I must live in the country and turn farmer," said Harry, as if a bright idea had struck him. "I have always been told that Lady Tryon is sure to leave me all her property, and that must be sufficient for all my wishes. However, when I go to London I will try and learn what profession is likely to suit me. I certainly don't wish to be idle; and the thought of winning you, and making a home fit for your reception, will stimulate me to exertion."

"I shall be glad if it does."

A boat was moored near where they stood. Harry proposed to row Mabel round the lake. They looked very interesting as they two sat in the boat, Harry rowing, and Mabel smiling and talking cheerfully, occasionally catching at a water-lily.

They talked of Lucy. The theme was a sad one. Since the day of the *fête* she had never been well. There was a colour in her cheek and a brightness in her eye, which alarmed her aunt. She communicated her fears to Mabel.

"But dear Lucy does not consider that she is in any danger, or she would not urge my uncle to have the ball next week."

"Perhaps your aunt is unduly alarmed," said Harry. "Lucy seems in such spirits that I cannot suppose there is any danger. I was in a great fright at first, thinking that Lady Tryon would insist on going to London before the ball, but I am thankful to say she consents to stay till it is over. There is only one thing I don't like in these balls. I say, Mabel, you must not let those French officers flirt too much with you. They are marquises and barons, to be sure; but after all, except their pay, they have nothing to bless themselves with. Somehow or other, I never can like a foreigner as much as an Englishman."

"That is rather hard upon papa," said Mabel, looking up. "You know his mother was a foreigner. Did you not know that she was French? Grandpapa married, when he was a very young man, just as he was a lieutenant, a French lady. She, too, was very young and very pretty."

"That I am sure she must have been," said Harry, looking up at Mabel.

"The story is a very sad one. Poor mamma died, I believe, when I was born, and grandpapa had just time to carry away his boy to England, and to place me with Aunt Ann, when he was obliged to go to sea. The little I know of the early history of our family I have learnt from Aunt Ann."

They were nearing the shore when they heard a voice hailing them from the spot from which they set out. They soon reached a landing-place. A fine officer-like looking man was standing near it. Mabel sprang out and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh! papa, you have come back without giving us warning. Oh! dear, dear papa, how happy you have made me!"

Captain Digby Everard returned his daughter's embrace. He looked inquiringly at Harry, whom he did not recognise.

"This is Harry Tryon," she said. "You remember him as a boy; but he has grown a good deal since then." The Captain smiled.

"I am very happy to renew my acquaintance with him," he said, holding out his hand, "and I am glad to see so accomplished an oarsman: it is a pity that he has not been bred to the sea. However, perhaps it is not too late. Lord Cochrane did not go afloat till he was as old as Harry is, and he has already made a name for himself."

The Captain and his daughter walked on towards the house, she leaning on his arm, and looking up, ever and anon, into his face as he spoke affectionately to her.

Harry, thinking that the Captain might consider him intrusive, made his adieus to Mabel and her father.

"Aunt Ann will want you to help her in preparing for the entertainment," said Mabel, as she shook hands with him.

"And I should be happy to become better acquainted with you," added the Captain, warmly shaking him by the hand.

Harry was becoming very popular in the neighbourhood: a good-looking young man, with apparently ample means, is certain to be so, if he is tolerably well behaved in other respects. People do not pry too closely into the character of youths of good fortune. Harry, however, was unexceptionable. The banker and some of the tradesmen of Lynderton might have had their suspicions that Lady Tryon would not "cut up" as well as was expected; but as they had had no quarrel with her grandson, they did not allow this idea to go forth to his detriment. Harry, therefore, dined as frequently out as at home. Indeed, the attractions of Aylestone Hall were not very great, to his taste.

One day, however, she insisted upon his remaining and taking a *tête-à-tête* dinner with her. Her eyes were weak, and she wanted him to read to her afterwards a new tale by Miss Burney. To that he had no objection. It was very romantic, and suited his humour.

"Well, Harry, you must make your fortune some day by a wife," said the worldly old lady, "and really if you succeed with that pretty girl, Mabel Everard, you will do well. Under some circumstances I might not have encouraged it; but as it is, I have an idea: you know Lucy's mother died of consumption, and if Lucy dies the Captain becomes his uncle's heir."

"But my mother died of consumption," answered Harry, who hated the thought of being mercenary; "I hope Lucy may live, and that I may have the means of making a fortune to support a wife whenever I marry."

"Silly boy, fortunes are not so easily made," said the old lady, in a voice which sounded somewhat harsh to Harry's ear. "If you don't marry a fortune, there will probably be poverty and beggary in store for you. They are the most dreadful things in my opinion in this life. Be a wise lad, Harry, and try and win Mabel. You don't mean to say, boy, that you have no wish to marry her?"

Harry hesitated to acknowledge his love to his grandmother. The old lady's manner did not encourage confidence. Instinctively he mistrusted her. The old lady eyed him narrowly.

"Take my advice, and be attentive to the girl. If you follow it I shall be well pleased; if not, I shall act accordingly. Or perhaps when you go to London you would like to be introduced to your cousins, the Coppinger girls. There are a good many of them, I believe, but I have kept up no intercourse for some years past with my worthy brother Stephen. Indeed, he and I have different notions on most subjects. However, if there is anything to be gained, I should have no objection to call on my nieces. He is very rich, I am told, and will probably divide his fortune between them. Still, though our family is a good one, as he has always lived in the city, a daughter of his cannot bring you the county influence and credit which you would derive from such a girl as Mabel Everard."

Harry seldom acted the hypocrite. He did so, however, on this occasion. He should be very happy to become acquainted with his fair cousins, and he did not for a moment deny the attractions of Mabel Everard, or the advantages which might accrue, should he be fortunate enough to win her hand.

The old lady, with all her acuteness, did not quite understand her grandson. On this occasion, however, she read his mind better than usual. Had he been perfectly frank she might have doubted him, but now that he attempted to compete with her in hypocrisy, she read him through and through.

"Why the lad thinks of marrying that little girl," she thought to herself, "and unless her father should marry again, she will be one of the chief heiresses of the county, should her cousin die."

The intended ball was to be the largest which had yet taken place at Stanmore, and Lucy especially wished for it. It was her birthday, and the Colonel could deny her nothing. Besides, Captain Everard had come home, and it would help to do him honour. Not only was all the neighbourhood asked, but people from all parts of the county. The house was to be full. As it was originally a hunting lodge, the outbuildings were very extensive, and could hold all the carriages and horses of the numerous guests. People do not mind packing tolerably close on such occasions. There was a long range of rooms in one of the wings for bachelors, and another similar range where a vast number of young ladies could be put up, with their attendant waiting maidens. The new dining-hall, in which the dancing was to take place, was very extensive. It was to be ornamented with wreaths of flowers, and numerous bracket lights on the walls. The chandeliers were looked upon as wonderful specimens of art, though greatly surpassed by those of later years. A considerable number of guests who came from a distance arrived the day before. Lucy and Mabel had exerted themselves, especially in preparing the wreaths, and running about the house all the day assisting their aunt. Harry of course had been summoned over to help, and so had the Baron de Ruigny.

Harry had got over his jealousy of the young Frenchman, with regard to Mabel. He saw, indeed, that the Baron's attentions were devoted exclusively to Lucy. He was certainly in love with her; of that there appeared no doubt.

The Colonel invited Harry to stop to dinner. It was more hurried than usual, because Lucy insisted

that they should have dancing after it, to practise for the next day. Those were primitive days. Lynderton boasted of but one public conveyance, denominated the Fly, though it seldom moved out of a snail's pace, except when the driver was somewhat tipsy, and hurrying back to obtain a second fare. Harry had been sent round a short time before dinner to invite several maiden ladies, with one or two other dames, who were not able to attend the ball the following day, while three or four of the foreign officers had received an intimation that they would be welcome.

Dinner over, and the tables cleared away, the gay young party began tripping it merrily to the music of harpsichord, violin, and flageolet, played by the foreign officers. Lucy appeared in excellent health and spirits, in spite of the fatigue she had gone through in the morning. No one danced more eagerly or lightly after the first country dance. She and the young Baron stood up to perform their proposed minuet: every one remarked how lovely she looked, and how gracefully she moved. People forgot to watch the slides and bows of the young Frenchman; at least, some of the guests did, though he was rewarded for his exertions by the evident admiration of several of the young ladies.

"That young Tryon, who is dancing with Mabel Everard, considering he is an Englishman, acquits himself very well indeed," observed the Dowager Countess of Polehampton, eyeing the young couple through her glass. "If any creature could make a man dance, Mabel Everard would do so. Do you admire her or her cousin most?"

"Really, your ladyship, they are both fine girls; it is difficult to decide between them," answered Sir John Frodsham, an old beau who faithfully danced attendance on the Countess. "If I were a young man I might be called upon to decide the question, and then I should certainly have voted in favour of the heiress; but now Lady Frodsham puts that out of my power."

"Oh, fie! Sir John, you men are all the same, money carries off the palm with young and old alike."

Harry meantime was enjoying his dance with Mabel, caring very little what the Countess of Polehampton or Sir John Frodsham might say of him.

During that evening more than one could not help remarking the rich colour and the sparkling eyes of the heiress of Stanmore. Never had she looked so lovely; indeed, generally she carried off the palm from her cousin. The dance continued, the amateur musicians exerting themselves to the utmost; and everybody declared that if the present impromptu little party went off so well, that of the next day must be a great success. The Colonel was seated at the end of the room, paying attention to his more elderly guests, and occasionally saying a pleasant word or two to the young ones. Madam Everard kept moving about and acting the part of an attentive hostess. Frequently her nieces assisted her, when not actually engaged in dancing. There was a question to be decided as to what dance should next take place.

"Where is Lucy?" exclaimed Madam Everard, looking round. Lucy had left the room; some minutes passed, and she did not return. Madam Everard became anxious. Mabel was again dancing, or she would have sent her to look for her cousin. Madam Everard hastened from the ball-room; she went up-stairs, and met a servant by the way.

"Miss Everard went up into her room some time ago."

Madam Everard hastened forward, telling the maid to follow.

The door was slightly open. There was no sound in the room—a lamp burned on the table; Madam Everard's heart sank with dread. She looked round. Stretched on the floor lay her beloved niece in her gray ball dress, her countenance like marble, and blood flowing from her lips!

"She breathes, she breathes!" she said; and she and the maid lifted her on to the bed.

She had broken a blood-vessel. Madam Everard knew that at a glance: Lucy's mother had done the same.

"Mr. Jessop must be sent for immediately;" but Madam Everard did not wish to give the alarm to the rest of the guests. She would let the visitors depart, and allow those who were to remain in the house to go to their rooms before the sad intelligence was conveyed to them. She did all that could be done, and applied such restoratives as she believed would be effectual.

Immediately Paul Gauntlett threw himself on horseback, and galloped off to fetch Dr. Jessop. He would not even stop to put a saddle on the horse's back, and would have gone off with the halter.

Meantime Lucy returned to consciousness, and declared that she did not feel ill, only somewhat tired, and would like to go to sleep. The guests shortly began to take their departure. The maid-servants of the maiden ladies came with their pattens and hoods, and big cloaks, some with huge umbrellas in addition. There were footmen and footboys also, with many-coloured liveries, carrying huge stable lanterns to light their mistresses. They were generally employed in the service of the dowagers. The Fly was in requisition, but only for a select few.

As the guests came down-stairs, the foreign officers stood in the hall, occasionally making themselves useful, by assisting to put on the ladies' hoods, cloaks, or shawls.

The young Baron de Ruvigny alone lingered. He had seen Lucy leave the room, and he became anxious, finding that she did not return. He asked the Colonel where she was. Just then a maid-servant came down with a message from Madam Everard, requesting Colonel Everard to come to his daughter's room.

"What is the matter?" asked the young Baron of the servant, as the Colonel hurried off.

"Our mistress is very ill, very ill indeed, and I fear there's no hope of her recovery," answered the girl.

The young Baron entreated that he might be allowed to remain till the doctor had seen her.

Paul had found Dr. Jessop at home. He accompanied him back at full speed. He looked very grave after he had seen Miss Lucy.

"I should like my friend Dr. Musgrave to see her. If the skill of any man can avail, I am sure that his will, but it would take two days to get him down here, and this is a case demanding immediate remedies."

Paul Gauntlett had come in with the doctor, and was waiting outside Miss Lucy's room to hear his opinion.

"I will do it, sir!" he exclaimed, "if you will tell me where Dr. Musgrave is to be found; I will be off and bring him down as soon as possible."

"Stay, friend," said Dr. Jessop; "while you are taking some refreshment and getting your horse ready, I will write out a state of the case, and if Dr. Musgrave cannot come he will send by you such remedies as he may consider efficacious."

Paul scarcely liked the delay. He would have started on the back of the first horse he could lead out of the stable without thinking of food for himself. Within ten minutes he was galloping along through the forest. He could get to Redbridge, and Southampton, and so on to Winchester before day-break. He could there get a fresh horse. He would distance any post-chaise; he was sure of that. He had left orders to have a fresh horse brought on for him to Southampton. He resolved not to waste a moment till he had brought the remedy for his dear Miss Lucy. His horse carried him nobly; he seemed to be aware that it was a matter of life and death. Paul had been with his master in London on several occasions. He knew the road, and being an old campaigner, without difficulty found his way to the doctor's house. The doctor was out visiting patients. Paul fretted and fumed more than he had ever done in his life before. The servant was disposed to shut the door in his face, and send him to an inn.

"That will not do, master," said Paul; "I must wait here till the doctor comes back, and you must put up my horse, and rub him down, and feed him well. It's a matter of life and death;" and Paul expatiated on the youth and beauty and gentle disposition of his young mistress, till the tears rolled down his cheek, and he almost made the doctor's somewhat morose butler weep with him.

"Oh, sir, sir, can you save her?" he exclaimed, handing Mr. Jessop's note to Dr. Musgrave, when he came back. "It's impossible that so young and sweet a creature as Miss Lucy should be allowed to die. It cannot be, sir; it cannot be; it would break the Colonel's heart, and mine, too."

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

In a former paper on the Scott Centenary Celebration we endeavoured to trace the national influences which fostered and directed the genius of the Scottish poet and novelist. We may now look at the more homely features and qualities of his character as shown in his relations to his distinguished compeers. "It will always," says Lockhart, "be considered as one of the most pleasing peculiarities of Scott's history, that he was the friend of every great contemporary poet." A well-known picture represents the author of the "Lay" and "Marmion" at Abbotsford, surrounded by his brother bards. Among the group may be seen Lockhart himself, John Wilson Croker, and the sharp-cut, critic-like features of Francis Jeffery. It is as the centre of the cluster of poets whose writings shed a literary glory over the opening years of the present century that Scott takes his appropriate place. Until Byron's more passionate muse eclipsed his popularity, he was of that day the poet pre-eminent, and he attracted the friendly regards of his rivals in song, not only by his fame, but by his personal qualities, his manly and kindly nature, and his genial and unaffected hospitality.

The earliest of the cluster of his poet-friends—and not the least attached throughout life—was Thomas Campbell. While Scott, as yet unknown to the world, was practising as an advocate, and in his leisure time collecting the materials of his Border Minstrelsy, Campbell, six years his junior, at the age of twenty-one, was writing the "Pleasures of Hope"

in a dusky lodging in Alison Square, Edinburgh. This poem, published in 1799, only three years after the death of Burns, made its author a celebrity. Scott eagerly welcomed Campbell, and rejoiced in his success. Designing to introduce him to the *élite* of his own circle of friends, he invited him to dinner. No formal introduction, however, was made; but at length, when the cloth was removed, Scott stood up, and in a complimentary notice of Campbell's poem, proposed the health of the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," and pointing to Campbell, he added, "I have now the honour of introducing him to you as my guest." Nor was Campbell, on the other hand, slow to appreciate the poetical powers of his friend. Two years after the publication of the "Pleasures of Hope," some of Scott's original and unpublished ballads began to be handed about in Edinburgh. The ms. of "Cadyow Castle" was seen by Campbell. Several verses in that powerful ballad took strong hold on the young poet's imagination. With hurried pace and fervent shake of the head he would repeat them in the streets, until the very coachmen on the North Bridge knew him by the tones of his voice.

"Where, mightiest of the beasts of chase
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The mountain bull comes thundering on."

And the arrival of Hamilton, the assassin of the good Regent Murray, when

"Reeking from the recent deed,
He dashed his carbine on the ground."

A project was started of an edition of the British Poets, in which Scott and Campbell agreed to act as joint editors. This was not, however, proceeded with, from some difficulty with the booksellers. In all Campbell's literary labours and subsequent career, Scott, until his death, took the warmest interest, and indeed showed him repeated and substantial acts of kindness. His opinion of Campbell and his estimate of his powers are brought out in a conversation reported by Washington Irving. Scott cited to Irving passages of "Gertrude of Wyoming," with keen appreciation and delight, and said, "What a pity it is that Campbell does not write more and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies, and he does now and then spread them grandly, but folds them up again and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away." This is a truer explanation of his silence than is implied in Byron's line:

"And lazy Campbell spins his golden lines."

"The fact is," said Scott, "Campbell is in a manner a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him." The fastidiousness and timidity of Campbell, Scott could little sympathise with, entirely opposed as they were to his own rapid and even careless habits of composition.

The gentle clerical figure of the author of the "Borough," neatly attired and in buckled shoes, impinges on the great northern luminary when at its greatest brilliancy in 1822. Scott and Crabbe, although formerly correspondents, first met in London in that year, introduced to each other by Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street. Sir Walter extracted a promise of a visit to Scotland, and Crabbe accordingly arrived in Edinburgh in the autumn, amid the excitement of the visit of George IV. According to Lockhart, no

Englishman of recent times ever came to Scotland with a scantier stock of information about the country and the people than did the poet Crabbe. In the time of the royal festivities, finding himself amidst a group of gentlemen dressed in the Highland garb, and conversing in what was to him an unknown tongue, he had recourse to French as to a universal language, and was exchanging elaborate civilities with the kilted chiefs when Scott came to his aid. Of a dinner party at Castle Street, on the 15th of August, Scott's birthday, on which occasion the Highland costume predominated, Crabbe gives an amusingly characteristic account. He says: "Sir Walter was the life and soul of the whole. It was a splendid festivity, and I felt I know not how much younger." The simple-minded poet had, however, come to Scotland at an unsuitable time to see Scott at his best, in the quiet of his own home.



He left without a visit to Abbotsford, and Sir Walter had only one quiet walk with his friend, whom he regarded with equal veneration and affection. This walk was to the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel and Muschat's Cairn, which the deep impression made on Crabbe by the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" had given him an earnest wish to see. It is an affecting circumstance that in Sir Walter Scott's last illness, after the Bible, he most desired to have read to him and most enjoyed the writings of Crabbe.

Southey and Wordsworth both formed early friendships with the Scottish poet. Southey's acquaintance began in 1805, by a short visit to Ashestiel, where he saw the scenery of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and went salmon fishing with its author on the Tweed. Wordsworth and his sister, after a visit to the Highlands, on the morning of the 17th of September, 1803, left their carriage at Rosslyn, walked down the valley to Lasswade, on the Esk, where Mr. and Mrs. Scott then were staying. "We were received," says Wordsworth, "with that frank cordiality which, under whatever circumstances I afterwards met him, always marked his manners; and, indeed, I found him then in every respect, except, perhaps, that his animal spirits were somewhat

higher, precisely the same man as in later life. The same lively, entertaining conversation, full of anecdote, and averse from disquisition; the same unaffected modesty about himself; the same cheerful and benevolent and hopeful views of man and the world. He partly read and partly recited, sometimes in an enthusiastic style of chant, the first four cantos of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'; and the novelty of the manner, the clear picturesque descriptions, and the easy glowing energy of much of the verse, greatly delighted me."

Scott met the Wordsworths at Melrose two days later, and escorted them through the Abbey, pointing out all its beauties, and pouring out his rich stores of history and tradition. The ruined castle of Fernieherst, the original fastness of the noble family of Lothian, surrounded by a grove of ancient stately elms, was seen by the two poets to great advantage, in a fine grey, breezy autumnal afternoon. "What life there is in trees!" was the exclamation of the meditative Wordsworth. Equally characteristic of the story-telling Scott was the anecdote related in reply. "How different," said he, "was the feeling of a very intelligent young lady born and bred in the Orkney Islands, who lately came to spend a season in this neighbourhood. She told me nothing in the mainland scenery had so much disappointed her as woods and trees. She found them so dead and lifeless that she could never help pining after the eternal motion and variety of the ocean. And so back she has gone, and I believe nothing will ever tempt her from the wind-swept Orcaades again." This intercourse resulted in much warmth of friendly feeling, mutual on both sides. "My sister and I often talk of the happy days we spent in your company," writes Wordsworth, on his return home; "such things do not occur often in life. If we live we shall meet again; that is my consolation." The next meeting took place on the occasion of an excursion of Mr. and Mrs. Scott to the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. In company with Wordsworth they visited some of the finest lake scenery. Often afterwards was Scott heard to speak with delight of the reception he met with in the humble cottage which his brother poet then inhabited on the banks of Grasmere. The ascent of Helvellyn was made in company with Sir Humphrey Davy. Perhaps no other such distinguished trio ever stood together on that mountain top.

With Southey the Scottish poet maintained a frequent correspondence. Without a tinge of jealousy or envy, each cordially appreciated the genius of the other. Writing to Byron, Scott says of Southey: "He is a real poet, such as we read of in former times, with every atom of his soul and every moment of his time dedicated to literary pursuits." Scott refused the Laureateship, and personally requested that it might be conferred on Southey, which was done accordingly. The northern minstrel, even at the height of his success, was never an admirer of his own poetry. Wordsworth was, on the other hand, vain of his productions. "I shall not, I believe, be accused," said Scott, very sincerely, "of ever having attempted to usurp a superiority over many men of genius, my contemporaries; of whom, in regard to poetical fancy and feeling, I scarcely thought myself worthy to loose the shoe-latch."

Scott's admiration of Coleridge was high, although his intercourse was restricted to occasional meetings when in London. To the cadence of "Christabel," then unpublished, but casually recited to him, Scott set the rhyme of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

To the extraordinary talents of the author of "Christabel" he refers in the introduction to the "Lay," and laments "the caprice and indolence with which he has thrown from him, as if in mere wantonness, those unfinished scraps of poetry, which, like the Torso of antiquity, defy the skill of his poetical brethren to complete them."

On occasion of a visit to London, in 1828, Scott notes in his diary, under date May 25th: "Sophia and I set off to Hampton Court, carrying with us the following lions and lionesses—Samuel Rogers, Tom Moore, Wordsworth, with wife and daughter. At parting, Rogers gave me a gold-mounted pair of glasses, which I will not part with in a hurry. I really like S. R., and have always found him most friendly."

Tom Moore had met Scott soon after the publication of the "Lay." In 1825 he visited him at Abbotsford. In his diary Moore gives an account of this visit. On the second morning after his arrival he mentions Sir Walter's cordial expression, "Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life." "I parted from Scott," he says, "with the feeling that all the world might admire him for his works, but that those only could learn to love him as he deserved who had seen him at Abbotsford." On the other hand, we have in Scott's diary his account of Moore. "On November 22nd, 1825," he writes, "I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say) this season. We had, indeed, met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good-breeding, about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little—man, less, I think, than Lewis, and something like him in person; not in conversation, for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description. Moreover, he always looked like a schoolboy. Now Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it." "I was aware," continues Scott, "that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his Journal, of Moore and myself in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat—with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to condemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air. He also enjoys the *mot pour rire*, and so do I. It would be a delightful addition to life if T. M. had a cottage within two miles of one."

In his introduction to "Rokeby," written in 1830, and accounting for the comparative failure of that poem, Scott speaks of Byron as "a mighty and unexpected rival—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that art of attracting popularity in which the present writer had hitherto preceded

better men than himself." Writing to Joanna Baillie in 1812, Scott thus speaks of "Childe Harold," the two first cantos of which had only then been published: "It is, I think, a very clever poem, but gives no good symptom of the writer's heart or morals." "I was astonished," he says elsewhere, "at the power evinced by that work, which neither the 'Hours of Idleness,' nor the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' had prepared me to expect from its author." Byron regarded Scott as the wonderful writer of the day, and called his novels a new literature in themselves; and his poetry as good as any, if not better. Scott, he held, only ceased to be popular as a poet because the public, tired of hearing "Aristides called the Just," ostracised him. "I like him," said Byron, "for his manliness of character, for the extreme pleasantness of his conversation, and his good nature towards myself personally." They exchanged presents: Sir Walter gave to Byron a Turkish dagger, and Byron reciprocated, and sent to Scott a large sepulchral vase of silver, filled with dead men's bones found at Athens.

There was no writer of the time with whom Sir Walter Scott corresponded so largely, and to whom he was so much attached, as Joanna Baillie. He held her poetry in high estimation. One day when Scott's fame was supposed to have reached its acme, James Ballantyne said to him, "Will you excuse me, Mr. Scott, but I should like to ask you what you think of your own genius as a poet in comparison with that of Burns?" He replied, "There is no comparison whatever, we ought not to be named in the same day!" "Indeed," answered Ballantyne, "would you compare Campbell to Burns?" "No, James, not at all. If you wish to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country." Scott first met Miss Baillie during one of his early visits to London. Her impression of him she has thus stated: "I was at first a little disappointed, for I was fresh from the 'Lay,' and had pictured to my mind an ideal elegance and refinement of feature; but I said to myself, 'If I had been in a crowd, and at a loss what to do, I should have fixed upon that face among a thousand, as the sure index of the benevolence and the shrewdness that would and could help me in my strait.' We had not talked long, however, before I saw in the expressive play of the countenance far more of elegance and refinement than I had missed in its mere lines." In 1808 Miss Baillie spent a week or two in Scott's house in Edinburgh. "Their acquaintance was thus knit," says Lockhart, "into a deep and respectful affection on both sides." When on his visits to London, no pleasure was so great to Scott, as to repair to the residence of the Baillies at Hampstead.

It was during one of these visits to London that he became acquainted with Allan Cunningham. "It was about nine in the morning," says Allan, "when I sent in my card to him, at Miss Dumergue's, in Piccadilly. It had not been gone a minute, when I heard a quick heavy step coming, and in he came, holding out both his hands, as was his custom, and saying, as he pressed mine, 'Allan Cunningham, I am glad to see you.'" Allan had in his early days, when working as a stonemason in Nithsdale, gone all the way to Edinburgh, on foot, for the sole purpose of seeing the author of "Marmion" pass along the street. An anecdote here deserves a place, illustrative at once of Scott's kindly nature, and of his friendly feelings towards Allan Cunningham. Break-

fasting one morning, when in London, in the year 1828, with honest Allan, he looked round the table and said, "What are you going to make of all these boys, Allan?" "I ask that question often at my own heart," said Allan, "and I cannot answer it." "What does the eldest point to?" "The callant would fain be a soldier, Sir Walter; and I have a half-promise of a commission in the king's army for him; but I wish rather he would go to India, for there the pay is a maintenance, and one does not need interest at every step to get on." Scott dropped the subject, but went an hour afterwards to Lord Melville and begged a cadetship for young Cunningham. Lord Melville readily entertained the application, and promised to inquire if he had one at his disposal. The matter being thus left doubtful, Scott, on meeting an East India director at Lord Stafford's the same evening, applied to him, and received an immediate assent. On reaching home at night, Scott found a note from Lord Melville intimating that he had inquired, and was happy in meeting his request. Next morning Sir Walter appeared at Chantrey's breakfast table, and said to him, "Don't you think Cunningham would like very well to have cadetships for two of those fine lads?" "To be sure he would," said Chantrey, "and if you'll secure the commissions I'll make the outfit easy." Both the young men went out to India, and prospered in the Indian service.

Some account of Sir Walter Scott's relations to John Leyden, and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, may fitly close these references to his distinguished poetical contemporaries, for which we are mainly indebted to the ample stores of Lockhart's *Life of the great novelist*. Leyden and Hogg were undoubtedly two of the most remarkable of the many remarkable men who have sprung from the order of the Scottish peasantry. Born in a shepherd's cottage in Roxburghshire, and entirely self-educated, Leyden had worked his way through obstacles all but insurmountable to extraordinary acquisitions. He was discovered by Richard Heber in 1802 prying into recondite volumes in a humble book-shop in Edinburgh, then kept by the afterwards renowned publisher, Archibald Constable, and by Heber introduced to Scott. They became fast friends. Leyden zealously assisted Scott in collecting the *Border Minstrelsy*, which contains a ballad by him entitled the "Mermaid," the scene of which is laid at Corrieveken, in Argyllshire. After publishing his "Scenes of Infancy," Leyden went to India, "raised for himself," says Lockhart, "within seven short years, the reputation of the most marvellous of Orientalists; and died, in the midst of the proudest hopes, at the same age with Burns and Byron, in 1811." Scott wrote an essay on the life of Leyden, which is to be found in his miscellaneous works. Many touching tributes besides are scattered over his other writings. There is a tender allusion to him in the "Lord of the Isles," when the course of the poem leads to the scenery of Leyden's ballad of the "Mermaid":—

"Scenes sung by him who sings no more!
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has LEYDEN'S cold remains."

A strange medley of genius, vanity, and folly was James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Imprudent and

unfortunate in all matters of business, he clung to Scott as to a never-failing friend. Scott's influence with the Buccleuch family procured for Hogg the life-rent of the farm Altrive, in the vale of Yarrow; and in many other and various ways did he seek to advance his interests and to assist him in his literary projects. Hogg was, however, it appears, but too insensible to such unvarying kindness. Lockhart is constrained to make the bitter record, on alluding to his death, which occurred in 1835, three years after that of Scott, "It had been better for his fame had his end been of earlier date, for he did not follow his best benefactor until he had insulted his dust."

In 1827 Sir Walter Scott was much gratified by receiving a letter from Goethe. In this letter the great German poet and writer held out the hand of friendship to his Scottish brother. Scott made suitable reply. Goethe, in writing soon afterwards to Thomas Carlyle, described Scott's answer as "cheering and warmhearted." "Who could have told me thirty years ago," writes Scott in his diary, in reference to this circumstance, "that I should correspond and be on something of an equal footing with the author of 'Goetz'?" Since the faltering translation of "Goetz" was made in 1799 by the aspirant in literature, a world-wide fame has gradually gathered around the name and memory of Walter Scott—a fame all the greater and purer that he esteemed himself little among his great contemporaries, and was of none the bitter rival, but the attached friend of all. J. H.

SKETCHES OF THE GEOLOGICAL PERIODS AS THEY APPEAR IN 1871.

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XII.—THE MESOZOIC AGES.—PART FIRST.

PHYSICALLY, the transition from the Permian to the Trias is easy. In the domain of life a great gulf lies between; and the geologist whose mind is filled with the forms of the Palaeozoic period, on rising into the next succeeding beds, feels himself a sort of Rip Van Winkle, who has slept a hundred years and awakes in a new world. The geography of our continents seems indeed to have changed little from the time of the Permian to that next succeeding group which all geologists recognise as the beginning of the Mesozoic or Middle Age of the world's history, the Triassic period. Where best developed, as in Germany, it gives us the usual threefold series, conglomerates and sandstones below, a shelly limestone in the middle, and sandstones and marls above. Curiously enough, the Germans, recognising this tripartite character here more distinctly than in their other formations, named this the *Trias* or triple group, a name which it still retains, though as we have seen it is by no means the earliest of the triple groups of strata. In England, where the middle limestone is absent, it is a "New Red Sandstone," and the same name may be appropriately extended to eastern America, where bright red sandstones are a characteristic feature. In the Trias, as in the Permian, the continents of the northern hemisphere presented large land areas, and there were lagoons and landlocked seas in which gypsum, magnesian limestones, and rock salt were thrown down, a very eminent example of which is afforded by the great salt deposits of

Cheshire. There were also tremendous outbursts of igneous activity along the margins of the continents, more especially in eastern America. But with all this there was a rich land flora and a wonderful exuberance of new animal life on the land; and in places there were even swamps in which pure and valuable beds of coal, comparable with those of the old coal formation, were deposited.

The triple division of the Trias as a cycle of the earth's history, and its local imperfection, are well seen in the European development of the group, thus:—

German Series.	French Series.	English Series.
Keuper, Sandstone and Shale	Marnes Irisées	Saliferous and gypsiferous Shales and Sandstones.
Muschelkalk, Limestone and Dolomite.	Calcaire Coquillier ..	Wanting.
Bunter, Sandstone and Conglomerate.	Grès bigarré	Sandstone and Conglomerate.

The Trias is succeeded by a great and complex system of formations, usually known as the Jurassic, from its admirable development and exposure in the range of the Jura; but which the English geologists often name the "Oolitic," from the occurrence in it of beds of Oolite or roe stone. This rock, of which the beautiful cream-coloured limestone of Bath is an illustration, consists of an infinity of little spheres, like seeds or the roe of a fish. Under the microscope these are seen to present concentric layers, and often to have a minute grain of sand or fragment of shell in the centre. They are, in short, miniature concretions, produced by the aggregation of the calcareous matter around centres, by a process of molecular attraction to which fine sediments, and especially those containing much lime, are very prone. This style of limestone is very abundant in the Jurassic system, but it is not confined to it. I have seen very perfect Oolites in the Silurian and the Carboniferous. The Jurassic series, as developed in England, may be divided into three triplets or cycles of beds, in the following way:—

Upper Jurassic	{ Purbeck and Wealden. Portland Limestone. Portland Sands.
Middle Jurassic ...	{ Kimmeridge Clay, etc. Coral Rag, Limestone. Lower Calcareous Grit.
Lower Jurassic * ...	{ Oxford Clay and Kelloway beds. Great and inferior Oolite, Limestone. Lias Clays and Limestones.

These rocks occupy a large space in England, as the names above given will serve to show, and they are also largely distributed over the continent of Europe and Asia—which had evidently three great and long-continued dips under water, indicated by the three great limestones. In America the case was different. The Jurassic has not been distinctly recognised in any part of the eastern coast of that continent, which then perhaps extended farther into the Atlantic than it does at present; so that no marine beds were formed on its eastern border. But in the west, along the base of the Rocky Mountains and also in the Arctic area, there were Jurassic seas of large extent, swarming with characteristic animals.

* This last group is very complex, and might perhaps admit of subdivision, locally at least, into subordinate cycles.

At the close of the Jurassic period our continents seem to have been even more extensive than at present. In England and the neighbouring parts of the continent of Europe, according to Lyell, the freshwater and estuarine beds known as the Wealden

the deepest recesses of our modern oceans. This great depression affected Europe more severely than America; the depression of the latter being not only less but somewhat later in date. In Europe, at the period of greatest submergence, the hills of Scandi-



LIFE ON THE LAND IN THE MESOZOIC PERIOD.

In the foreground are the Pine, Cycads, and a Pandanus; also small mammals, a herbivorous Dinosaur, and a Labyrinthodont. In the distance are other Dinosaurs and Crocodiles. In the air are birds (*Archaeopteryx*) and Pterodactyls.

have been traced 320 miles from west to east, and 200 miles from north-west to south-east, and their thickness in one part of this area is estimated at no less than 2,000 feet. Such a deposit is comparable in extent with the deltas of such great rivers as the Niger or even the Mississippi, and implies the existence of a continent much more extensive and more uniform in drainage than Europe as it at present exists. Lyell even speculates on the possible existence of an Atlantic continent west of Europe. America also at this time had, as already stated, attained to even more than its present extension eastwards. Thus this later Jurassic period was the culmination of the Mesozoic, the period of its most perfect continental development, corresponding in this to the Carboniferous in the Palæozoic.

The next or closing period of this great Mesozoic time brought a wondrous change. In the Cretaceous period, so called from the vast deposits of chalk by which it is characterised, the continents sunk as they had never sunk before, so that vast spaces of the great continental plateaus were brought down, for the first time since the Laurentian, to the condition of abyssal depths, tenanted by such creatures as live in

navia and of Britain, and the Urals, perhaps alone stood out of the sea. The Alps and their related mountains, and even the Himalayas, were not yet born, for they have on their high summits deep-sea beds of the Cretaceous and even of later date. In America the Appalachians and the old Laurentian ranges remained above water; but the Rocky Mountains and the Andes were in great part submerged, and a great Cretaceous Sea extended from the Appalachians westward to the Pacific, and southward to the Gulf of Mexico, opening probably to the North into the Arctic Ocean.

This great depression must have been of very long continuance, since in Western Europe it sufficed for the production of nearly 1,000 feet in thickness of chalk, a rock which, being composed almost entirely of microscopic shells, is, as we shall see in a subsequent paper, necessarily of extremely slow growth. If we regard the Cretaceous group as one of our great ages or cycles, it seems to be incomplete. The sandstones and clays known as the Greensand and Gault constitute its lower or shallow-water member. The chalk is its middle or deep-sea member, but the upper shallow-water member is missing, or only very

locally and imperfectly developed. And the oldest of the succeeding Tertiary deposits, which indicate much less continuous marine conditions, rest on the chalk as if the great and deep sea of the Cretaceous age had been suddenly upheaved into land. This abrupt termination of the last cycle of the Mesozoic is obviously the reason of the otherwise inexplicable fact that the prevalent life of the period ceases at the top of the chalk, and is exchanged immediately and without any transition for the very different fauna of the Tertiary. This further accords with the fact that the Cretaceous subsidence ended in another great crumpling of the crust, like that which distinguished the Permian. By this the Mesozoic time was terminated and the Cainozoic inaugurated, while the Rocky Mountains, the Andes, the Alps, and the Himalayas, rose to importance as great mountain ranges, and the continents were again braced up to retain a condition of comparative equilibrium during that later period of the earth's chronology to which we ourselves belong.

Was the length of the Mesozoic time equal to that of the Palæozoic? Measured by recurring cycles it was. In the latter period we find five great cycles, from the Lower Silurian to the Permian inclusive. So in the Mesozoic we have five also, from the Trias to the Cretaceous inclusive. We have a right to reckon these cycles as ages or great years of the earth; and so reckoning them the Mesozoic time may have been as long as the Palæozoic. But if we take another criterion the result will be different. The thickness of the deposits in the Palæozoic and Mesozoic, where these are severally best developed, may be estimated as at least four or five to one, so that if we suppose the beds to have been formed with equal rapidity in the two great periods, then the older of the two was between four and five times as long as the later, which would indeed be only a little greater than one of the separate ages of the Palæozoic. Either, therefore, the deposits took place with greater rapidity in the Palæozoic, or that period was by much the longer of the two. This, it will be observed, is only another aspect of the great laws of geological sequence referred to in our last paper.

Let us look into this question a little more minutely. If the several pulsations of our continents depended upon any regularly recurring astronomical or terrestrial change, then they must represent, at least approximately, equal portions of time, and this, if proved, would settle the question in favour of an equal duration of these two great eras of the earth's history. But as we cannot yet prove this, we may consider what light we can derive from the nature of the rocks produced. These may be roughly classified as of two kinds: First, the beds of sediment, sand, clay, etc., accumulated by the slow chemical decay of rocks and the mechanical agency of water. Secondly, the beds formed by accumulation of the harder and less perishable parts of living beings, of which the limestones are the chief. With reference to the first of these kinds of deposit, the action of the atmosphere and rains on rocks in the earlier times might have been somewhat more powerful, if there was more carbonic acid in the atmosphere, that substance being the most efficient agent in the chemical decay of rocks. It might have been somewhat more powerful if there was a greater rainfall. It must, on the other hand, have been lessened by the apparently more equable temperature which then prevailed. These differences might perhaps nearly

balance one another. Then the rocks of the older time were quite as intractable as those of the newer, and they were probably neither so high nor so extensive. Further, the dips and emergences of the great continental plateaus were equally numerous in the two great periods, though they were probably, with the exception of the latest one of each, more complete in the older period. In so far, then, as deposition of sediment is concerned, these considerations would scarcely lead us to infer that it was more rapid in the Palæozoic. But the Palæozoic sediments may be estimated in the aggregate at about 50,000 feet in thickness, while those of the Mesozoic scarcely reach 8,000. We might, therefore, infer that the Palæozoic period was perhaps five or six times as long as the Mesozoic.

If we take the second class of rocks, the limestones, and suppose these to have been accumulated by the slow growth of corals, shells, etc., in the sea, we might, at first sight, suppose that Palæozoic animals would not grow or accumulate limestone faster than their Mesozoic successors. We must, however, consider here the probability that the older oceans contained more lime in solution than those which now exist, and that the equable temperature and extensive submerged plateaus gave very favourable conditions for the lower animals of the sea, so that it would perhaps be fair to allow a somewhat more rapid rate of growth of limestone for the Palæozoic. Now the actual proportions of limestone may be roughly stated at 13,000 feet in the Palæozoic, and 3,000 feet in the Mesozoic, which would give a proportion of about four and a half to one; and as a foot of limestone may be supposed on the average to require five times as long for its formation as a foot of sediment, this would give an even greater absolute excess in favour of the Palæozoic on the evidence of the limestones—an excess probably far too great to be accounted for by any more favourable conditions for the secretion of carbonate of lime by marine animals.

The data for such calculations are very uncertain; and three elements of additional uncertainty closely related to each other must also be noticed. The first is the unknown length of the intervals in which no deposition whatever may have been taking place over the areas open to our investigation. The second is the varying amounts in which material once deposited may have been swept away by water. The third is the amount of difference that may have resulted from the progressive change of the geographical features of our continents. These uncertainties would probably all tend to diminish the estimate of the length of the Mesozoic. Lastly, the changes that have taken place in living beings, though a good measure of the lapse of time, cannot be taken as a criterion here, since there is much reason to believe that more rapid changes of physical conditions act as an inducing cause of rapid changes of life.

On the whole, then, taking such facts as we have, and making large deductions for the several causes tending to exaggerate our conception of Palæozoic time, we can scarcely doubt that the Palæozoic may have been three times as long as the Mesozoic. If so, the continental pulsations, and the changes in animal and vegetable life, must have gone on with accelerated rapidity in the later period, a conclusion to which we shall again have occasion to refer when we arrive at the consideration of the Tertiary or

Cainozoic time, and the age of man, and the probable duration of the order of things under which we live.

I have given this preliminary sketch of the whole Mesozoic time, because we cannot here, as in the Palæozoic, take up each age separately; and now we must try to picture to ourselves the life and action of these ages. In doing so we may look at, first, the plant life of this period; second, animal life on the land; and third, animal life in the waters and in the ocean depths.

The Mesozoic shores were clothed with an abundant flora, which changed considerably in its form during the lapse of this long time; but yet it has a character of its own distinct from that of the previous Palæozoic and the succeeding Tertiary. Perhaps no feature of this period is more characteristic than the great abundance of those singular plants, the cycads, which in the modern flora are placed near to the pines, but in their appearance and habit more resemble palms, and which in the modern world are chiefly found in the tropical and warm temperate zones of Asia and America. No plants certainly of this order occur in the Carboniferous, where their nearest allies are perhaps some of the *Sigillariæ*; and in the modern time the cycads are not so abundant, nor do they occur at all in climates where their predecessors appear to have abounded. In the quarries of the Island of Portland, we have a remarkable evidence of this in beds with numerous stems of cycads still *in situ* in the soil in which they grew, and associated with stumps of pines which seem to have flourished along with them. In further illustration of this point, I may refer to the fact that Carruthers, in a recent paper, catalogues twenty-five British species belonging to eight genera—a fact which markedly characterises the British flora of the Mesozoic period. These plants will therefore occupy a prominent place in our restoration of the Mesozoic landscape, and we should give especial prominence to the beautiful species *Williamsonia gigas*, discovered by the eminent botanist whose name it bears, and restored in his paper on the plant in the "Linnæan Transactions." These plants, with pines and gigantic equisetums, prevailed greatly in the earlier Mesozoic flora, but as the time wore on, various kinds of endogens, resembling the palms and the screw-pines of the tropical islands, were introduced, and toward its close some representatives of the exogens very like our ordinary trees. Among these we find for the first time in our upward progress in the history of the earth, species of our familiar oaks, figs, and walnuts, along with some trees now confined to Australia and the Cape of Good Hope, as the banksias and "silver-trees," and their allies. In America a large number of the genera of the modern trees are present, and even some of those now peculiar to America, as the tulip-trees and sweet-gums. These forests of the later Mesozoic must therefore have been as gay with flowers and as beautiful in foliage as those of the modern world, and there is evidence that they swarmed with insect life. Further, the Mesozoic plants produced in some places beds of coal comparable in value and thickness to those of the old coal formation. Of this kind are the coal beds of Brora in Sutherlandshire, those of Richmond in Virginia, and Deep River in N. Carolina, those of Vancouver's Island, and a large part of those of China. To the same age have been referred the coal beds of Australia and India, but some doubt rests on this. So important are these beds in China,

that had geology originated in that country, the Mesozoic might have been our age of coal.

If the forests of the Mesozoic present a great advance over those of the Palæozoic, so do the animals of the land, which now embrace all the great types of vertebrate life. Some of these creatures have left strange evidence of their existence in their footprints on the sand and clay, now cemented into beds of hard rock excavated by the quarryman. If we had landed on some wide muddy Mesozoic shore, we might have found it marked in all directions with animal footprints. Some of these are shaped much like a human hand. The creature that made this mark was a gigantic successor of the crocodilian newts or labyrinthodonts of the Carboniferous, and this type seems to have attained its maximum in this period, where one species, *Labyrinthodon giganteus*, had great teeth three or four inches in length, and presenting in their cross section the most complicated foldings of enamel imaginable. But we may see on the shores still more remarkable footprints. They indicate biped and three-toed animals of gigantic size, with a stride perhaps six feet in length. Were they enormous birds? If so the birds of this age must have been giants which would dwarf even our ostriches. But as we walk along the shore we see many other impressions, some of them much smaller and different in form. Some, again, very similar in other respects, have four toes; and, more wonderful still, in tracing up some of the tracks, we find that here and there the creature has put down on the ground a sort of four-fingered hand, while some of these animals seem to have trailed long tails behind them. What were these portentous creatures—bird, beast, or reptile? The answer has been given to us by their bones, as studied by Von Meyer and Owen, and more recently by Huxley and Cope. We thus have brought before us the *Dinosaurs*—the terrible Saurians—of the Mesozoic age, the greatest of the Tanninim of old. These creatures constitute numerous genera and species, some of gigantic size, others comparatively small;—some harmless browsers on plants, others terrible renderers of living flesh; but all remarkable for presenting a higher type of reptile organisation than any now existing, and approaching in some respects to the birds and in others to the mammalia. Let us take one example of each of the principal types. And first marches before us the *Iguanodon* or his relation *Hadrosaurus*—a gigantic biped, twenty feet or more in height, with enormous legs shaped like those of an ostrich but of elephantine thickness. It strides along, not by leaps like a kangaroo, but with slow and stately tread, occasionally resting and supporting itself, partly upon its legs and partly upon a huge tail like the inverted trunk of a tree. The upper part of its body becomes small and slender, and its head, of diminutive size and mild aspect, is furnished with teeth for munching the leaves and fruits of trees, which it can easily reach with its small fore-limbs or hands, as it walks through the woods. The outward appearance of these creatures we do not certainly know. It is not likely that they had bony plates like crocodiles, but they may have shone resplendent in horny scale armour of varied hues. But another and more dreadful form rises before us. It is *Megalosaurus* or perhaps *Laelaps*. Here we have a creature of equally gigantic size and biped habits; but it is much more agile, and runs with great swiftness or advances by huge leaps, and its feet and hands are armed with

strong curved claws, while its mouth has a formidable armature of sharp-edged and pointed teeth. It is a type of a group of biped bird-like lizards, the most terrible and formidable of rapacious animals that the earth has ever seen. Some of these creatures, in their short deep jaws and heads, resembled the great carnivorous mammals of modern times, while all in the structure of their limbs had a strange and grotesque resemblance to the birds. Nearly all naturalists regard them as reptiles, but in their circulation and respiration they must have approached to the mammalia, and their general habit of body recalls that of the kangaroos. They were no doubt oviparous; and this, with their biped habit, seems to explain the strong resemblance of their hind quarters to those of birds. Had we seen the eagle-clawed *Laelaps* rushing on his prey; throwing his huge bulk perhaps thirty feet through the air, and crushing to the earth under his gigantic talons some feeble *Hadrosaur*, we should have shudderingly preferred the companionship of modern wolves and tigers to that of those savage and gigantic monsters of the Mesozoic.

But the wonders of Mesozoic reptiles are not yet exhausted. While noticing numerous crocodiles and lizard-like creatures, and several kinds of tortoises, we are startled by what seems a flight of great bats, wheeling and screaming overhead, pouncing on smaller creatures of their own kind, as hawks seize sparrows and partridges, and perhaps diving into the sea for fish. These were the *Pterodactyles*, the reptile bats of the Mesozoic. They fly by means of a membrane stretched on a monstrously enlarged little finger, while the other fingers of the forelimb are left free to be used as hands or feet. To move these wings they had large breast-muscles like those of birds. In their general structure they were lizards, but no doubt of far higher powers and structure than any animals of this order now living, and in accordance with this, the interior of their skull shows that they must have had a brain comparable with that of birds, which they rivalled in energy and intelligence. Some of them were larger than the largest modern birds of prey, others were like pigeons and snipes in size. Specimens in the Cambridge Museum indicate one species twenty feet in the expanse of its wings, and fragments of much larger species are said to exist.* Imagine such a creature, a flying dragon, with vast skinny wings, its body perhaps covered with scales, both wings and feet armed with strong claws, and with long jaws furnished with sharp teeth. Nothing can be conceived more strange and frightful. Some of them had the hind limbs long, like wading birds. Some had short legs, adapted perhaps for perching. They could probably fold up their wings and walk on all fours. Their skeleton, like that of birds, was very light, yet strong, and the hollow bones have pores, which show that, as in birds, air could be introduced into them from the lungs. This proves a circulation resembling that of birds, and warm blood. Indeed, in many respects these creatures bridge over the space between the birds and the reptiles. "That they lived," says Seeley, "exclusively upon land or in the air is improbable, considering the circumstances under which their remains are found. It is likely that they haunted the sea-shores, and while

sometimes rowing themselves over the water with their powerful wings, used the wing membrane, as does the bat, to enclose the prey and bring it to the mouth. The large *Pterodactyles* probably pursued a more substantial prey than dragon-flies. Their teeth were well suited for fish; but probably fowl and small mammal and even fruits made a variety in their food. As the lord of the cliff, it may be supposed to have taken toll of all animals that could be conquered with tooth and nail. From its brain it might be regarded as an intelligent animal. The jaws present indications of having been sheathed with a horny covering, and some species show a rugose anterior termination of the snout, suggestive of fleshy lips like those of the bat, and which may have been similarly used to stretch and clean the wing-membrane."

Here, however, perched on the trees, we see true birds. At least they have beaks, and are clothed with feathers. But they have very strange wings, the feathers all secondaries, without any large quills, and several fingers with claws at the angle of the wing, so that though less useful as wings they served the double purpose of wing and hand. More strange still, the tail was long and flexible, like that of a lizard, with the feathers arranged in rows along its sides. If the lizards of this strange and uncertain time had wings like bats, the birds had tails and hands like lizards. This was in short the special age of reptiles, when animals of that class usurped the powers which rightfully belonged to creatures yet in their nonage, the true birds and mammals of our modern days, while the birds were compelled to assume some reptilian traits.

Yet, strange to say, representatives of the higher creatures destined to inherit the earth at a later date actually existed. Towards the close of the Mesozoic we find birds approaching to those of our own day, and almost at the beginning of the time there were small mammals, remains of which are found both in the earlier and later formations of the Mesozoic, but which never seem to have thriven, at least so far as the introduction of large and important species is concerned. Traversing the Mesozoic woods, we might see here and there little hairy creatures, which would strike a naturalist as allies of the modern bandicoots, kangaroo rats, and *myrmecobius* of Australia; and closer study would confirm this impression, though showing differences of detail. In their teeth, their size, and general form, and probably in their pouched or marsupial reproduction, these animals were early representatives of the smaller quadrupeds of the Austral continent, creatures which are not only small but of low organisation in their class.

One of these mammals, known to us only by its teeth, and well named *Microlestes*, the "little thief," sneaks into existence, so to speak, in the Trias of Europe, while another very similar, *Dromatherium*, appears in rocks of similar age in America; and this is the small beginning of the great class Mammalia, destined in its quadrupedal forms to culminate in the elephants and their contemporaries in the Tertiary period. Who that saw them trodden under foot by the reptile aristocracy of the Mesozoic, could have divined their destiny; but, notwithstanding the struggle for existence, the weakest does not always "go to the wall." The weak things of this world are often chosen to confound those that are mighty, and the little quadrupeds of the Mesozoic are an allegory. They may typify the true, the good, and the hopeful,

* Seeley: "*Ornithosauria*."

mildly and humbly asserting themselves in the world that now is, in the presence of the dragon monsters of pride and violence, which in the days to come they will overthrow. Physically the Mesozoic has passed away, but still exists morally in an age of evil reptiles, whose end is as certain as that of the great Dinosaurs of the old world.

The Mesozoic mammals are among the most interesting fossils known to us. In a recent memoir by Professor Owen,* thirty-three species are indicated—all, or nearly all, Marsupial—all small—all closely allied to modern Australian animals; some herbivorous, some probably carnivorous. Owen informs us that these animals are not merely marsupials, but marsupials of low grade, a point in which, however, Huxley differs somewhat from Owen. They are at least not lower than some that still exist, and not so low as those lowest of mammals in Modern Australia, the duck-billed platypus and the echidna. Owen further supposes that they were possibly the first mammals, and not only the predecessors but the progenitors of the modern marsupials. If so, we have the singular fact that they not only did not improve throughout the vast Mesozoic time, but that they have been in the progress of subsequent geological ages expelled out of the great eastern continent, and, with the exception of the American opossums, banished, like convicts, to Australia. Yet, notwithstanding their multiplied travels and long experiences, they have made little advance. It thus seems that the Mesozoic mammals were from the evolutionist point of view a decided failure, and the work of introducing mammals had to be done over again in the Tertiary; and then, as we shall find, in a very different way. If nothing more, however, the Mesozoic mammals were a mute prophecy of a better time, a protest that the age of reptiles was an imperfect age, and that better things were in store for the world. Moses seems to have been more hopeful of them than Owen or even Huxley would have been. He says that God "created" the great Tanninim, the Dinosaurs and their allies, but only "made" the mammals of the following creative day; so that when Microlestes and his companions quietly and unnoticed presented themselves in the Mesozoic, they would appear in some way to have obviated, in the case of the tertiary mammals, the necessity of a repetition of the greater intervention implied in the word "create." How that was effected none of us know; but, perhaps, we may know hereafter.

So much of the animals of the land. We must in our next paper make an excursion to the waters of the Mesozoic time, and descend into the abysses of its ocean.

GHOSTS AND GHOST LORE.

V.

LORD LYTTLTON'S GHOST STORY—A CHURCHYARD GHOST.

BY THE REV. C. B. TAYLER.

BEFORE I add a contribution to your records of ghost stories, I wish to make some observations about the celebrated case of Lord Lyttelton. It is quoted in your first paper from the journal of the late Lord

Brougham, who observes, "there never was, to all appearance, a better authenticated fact," but he afterwards gives his father's reasons for incredulity, and his solution of its apparent mysteries. "My father," he writes, "was convinced that the female tendency (he had heard the story from a lady) to believe in the marvellous, naturally produced the statement that the moment of the death had exactly corresponded with the time as predicted in the dream."

It was not in London, but at Pitt Place, in Epsom, that Lord Lyttelton died. I was much interested to hear this, when dining several years ago with the late Sir Digby and Lady Neave, who were then residing at Pitt Place. I had heard the account of the mysterious death of Lord Lyttelton, nearly sixty years ago, from an old and esteemed acquaintance of my family, Mr. Russell. He had been my mother's music-master, and his son was my drawing-master.

Mr. Russell was the brother of the celebrated crayon painter of that name, a member of the Royal Academy, who had painted a portrait of my mother and my eldest brother. Mr. Russell was an old man when he told me the following particulars.

Pitt Place was filled with guests, who had assembled there with the hope of diverting the mind of Lord Lyttelton from the persuasion that on a certain day, and at an hour which he had mentioned to some of them, his summons would suddenly come, and he should die; and he had told them that as the clock struck, and when the hour of his departure drew nigh, a white bird would fly to the window of his chamber, and be seen fluttering there. This he solemnly persisted in asserting. The party who had assembled that day took every means they could think of to take off his attention from the arrival of the fated hour; they spent their time in laughter and loud merriment.

Among other devices, they brought Mr. Russell from Guildford, where he resided, and got him to continue playing lively tunes on the harpsichord, that music might resound through the house the whole evening; they put forward the hands of the clock; but, as Mr. Russell told me, all was in vain. When the appointed hour came the white bird appeared and fluttered at the window; and soon after, Lord Lyttelton, to the consternation and horror of them all, lay expiring, and died a few minutes later that night.

I had hesitated about sending you this account, and had indeed finally determined not to send it; but on looking a few days since into Sir Walter Scott's interesting and sensible volume of "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," I met with the following account in the tenth letter at the 249th and 250th pages in Murray's edition of the "Family Library." The statement is truly valuable, as it clears up the mystery of that well-known modern legend of superstitious credulity. The whole story is built up on a very trivial foundation.

"The remarkable circumstance of Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton, prophesying his own death within a few minutes, upon the information of an apparition, has been always quoted as a true story; but of late it has been said and published that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was no doubt singular that a man who meditated his exit from the world should have chosen to play such a trick on his friends; but it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing than that

* Publications of Palaeontographical Society.

a messenger should be sent from the dead to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire."

Note.—"Since the first edition of this little work appeared I received the following communication from a friend on whom I can perfectly depend:—Lord Lyttelton's ghost story will not stand a scrutiny. I heard Lord Fortescue once say that he was in the house with him (Lord Lyttelton) at the time of the supposed visitation, and he mentioned the following circumstances as the only foundation for the extraordinary superstructure at which the world has wondered:—A woman of the party had one day lost a favourite bird, and all the men tried to recover it for her. Soon after, on assembling at breakfast, Lord Lyttelton complained of having passed a very bad night, and having been worried in his dreams by a repetition of the chase of the lady's bird. His death followed, as stated in the story. And if this was really all the foundation for so defined and distinct a narrative, it shows strongly on what slender grounds one of the most received tales of the kind may in reality be founded."

I must now fulfil my promise, and tell my own ghost story.

When I entered upon my first curacy, in the old country town of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, we took up our abode in a pleasantly situated cottage. It was but a humble dwelling, wanting many of the conveniences to which we had been accustomed. We had no garden, except a narrow slip of ground in front of the cottage, but it was gay with the rich colouring of charming flowers, not the less beautiful or sweetly scented because they had been known as the ornaments of English gardens in the time of our forefathers. A vine of luxuriant growth spread over the whole front of the cottage, covering the old red bricks with its graceful foliage of leaves and tendrils, and hung in the autumn with large clusters of dark purple grapes. The path separated our cottage-garden from a field of the greenest grass, in the middle of which stood a fine old walnut tree, and we often wished we could have hired the low white house on the opposite side of the meadow, over the roof of which could be seen the green hills that rise from the banks of the river Breta. That river and the old town of Hadleigh have always had a hallowed character in my eyes, for the true-hearted and devoted servant of Christ, Rowland Tayler, passed over it, by the bridge a little lower down, on his way to the stake, where his popish persecutors burnt him alive, and there at the foot of the bridge he found a poor man waiting with five small children, who, when they saw their beloved minister, fell down on their knees, and lifted up their hands, and cried aloud: "Oh dear father, and good shepherd, Dr. Tayler, God help and strengthen thee, as thou hast many a time succoured me and my poor children;" and as he passed through the streets of Hadleigh, to the place where he was burned on Aldham Common, the noble martyr said from time to time to his weeping flock: "Good people, I have preached to you nothing but God's holy word, and those lessons which I have taken out of God's blessed book, the Bible; and am come hither this day to seal it with my blood."

I have sometimes, when waking during the night, risen and gone to the window to gaze out upon the grand expanse of the sky, with its brilliant star shining forth from the dark vault of deepest blue.

Thus I have risen before day-dawn that I might gaze upon the morning star, that bright harbinger of the coming day, with its intense and sparkling brilliancy, which seemed to dilate and increase as I looked upon it.

I stood on one occasion some two hours after midnight, looking out over the churchyard, late in the autumn. The moon seemed as if struggling to free herself from the heavy clouds, sometimes closing over her, and then slowly passing away, and leaving her soft light to shine forth for a while in undimmed lustre.

As I stood at the window I looked down upon the broad area of the churchyard, and a figure all in white suddenly stood up among the tombs, and startled me. There it stood, but no longer motionless, as it appeared for a time,—it began to move. Was it a ghost? Suddenly it sank down; and then again it rose up from the dark earth; then while I stood watching its movements it dropped, and seemed to sink as before into the ground, among the graves, and when the moon shone out it appeared even whiter than the white tombstones. As I stood watching the weird figure from the window I could not at first make up my mind what to do; but I soon decided that there was but one thing to be done, and that was to go down at once and find out who and what the figure was that I still saw before me. I am not superstitious, and no believer in ghosts, but I confess I was a little staggered—the time, the dead still hours after midnight—the place, a churchyard—the figure rising from the earth among the tombs, and then, as it were, sinking apparently into the earth. Could there be possibly a ghost? and if so, did I not behold one? Very quietly I put on some of my clothes, and very softly I left the room, stole down-stairs and unlocked the door of the house, took out the key, and after locking myself out, put the key into my pocket, and was soon standing at the low gate of the churchyard. There I paused. I had not opened the window of the chamber, fearing to disturb my wife, who I knew, by her gentle breathing, was sound asleep. But now, as I looked forth in the clear open air, the figure was more distinctly seen.

I thought of a sad event which had occurred in the neighbourhood of the village where we resided when I was a boy, an event which might have been prevented by presence of mind, and by prayer for calmness and courage.

Two young ladies were asleep together in the same bed, when one of them awoke in the middle of the night, and saw, to her astonishment, a tall figure in white, standing at the foot of the bed. Startled and affrighted, she gently woke her companion, and told her in a whisper what she had seen. Cautiously they turned their eyes in the same direction, there stood the figure, and now its arm was raised, and it beckoned to them, but, overcome with terror, they hid their faces under the bed-clothes; many minutes passed away before they ventured to lift up their heads again; when they did so, the figure had disappeared.

They lay awake for a length of time, before sleep returned to their eyes. When they awoke in the morning the mystery was solved—a poor servant-maid was found lying dead in the kitchen. She had fallen in a fit on the heavy iron fender, and a blow on her temple had proved the cause of her death. She had, it seemed, been subject to fits, and it was supposed

that feeling one of them coming on, she had gone to the chamber of the young ladies, to seek for help, and having lost the power of speaking, she had made signs to entreat them to come to her help. Had they done so, the frightful fall on the kitchen fender might have been prevented, and she might not have been found dead.

I quietly opened the churchyard-gate, and went up at once to the mysterious figure, and put my hand upon no ghost, but upon a most substantial body, that of a stout man, stumbling and staggering among the tombstones; no ethereal shadow from another world, but a heavy, drunken man, too stupefied by intoxication to know where he was, or how to get out of the labyrinth of graves, the mounds and tombstones by which his unsteady feet had become, as it were, entangled. On coming close to him I discovered what it was that had made him appear, in the gloom of the night and at a distance, a figure in white. He was a carpenter, and when he had left his workshop on that day, instead of going home to his wife and family, he had turned in at the open door of a public-house, and had been drinking there till late in the night. How long he had been stumbling and falling among the tombstones he could not have told me. I am sorry to say that he was the clerk of the parish, and I must do him the justice to add, that he was usually a sober, well-conducted man, and much respected. His house was on the opposite side of the churchyard. The grand old church of Hadleigh, one of the largest churches in Suffolk, stands in the centre of the spacious churchyard, but being too much intoxicated to know the right path to his home, he had missed his way, and turned to the north side of the churchyard, instead of the south, and it was well for him that I had seen him from a window which overlooked that side of the churchyard, for if I had not gone to his assistance he might have broken a limb, or been found seriously ill or senseless, after that night among the tombs. The white apron which covered the front of his broad person, from his knees to his shoulders, accounted for his ghost-like appearance.

All that I had to do was to defer my lecture till the next morning, when he would be in his sober senses, and be able to understand and receive it, and to help him to find his way out of the tombstones, and to support and guide him carefully, till I had brought him safely to his own house. There, standing at the open door with a lighted candle in her hand, which she was holding up into the dark night, and looking out anxiously for her lost father, I found his daughter, a modest and amiable young woman, deeply attached to him. How often she had come out, or how long she had watched and waited, I did not stay to hear, for she was too thankful to see her father again, and too much shocked and ashamed at the condition in which I had found him, to say much that night, either to me or to him.

This, then, is my ghost story. It may be useful in showing that it is advisable to exercise a little presence of mind on such occasions. If I had not gone into the churchyard that night, determined to know and judge for myself who and what that strange and most mysterious figure was, I could never have discovered the truth, no one could have convinced me that I had not seen it, and I might always have had a vague impression left upon my

mind that, whether I could account for it or not, it might have been a ghost, and not the body form of that drunken carpenter.

TOM, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S ELEPHANT.

THE readers of the "Leisure Hour" have heard of the fine elephant brought home from India by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh in the "Galatea."* Poor Tom occupied in a painful degree public notice on his arrival in England, owing to the unfortunate occurrence by which his keeper lost his life on the journey to London from Plymouth.

Tom was the prime favourite of the ship's company, officers and men. Always good tempered and amusing, they were never weary of his gambols and funny tricks. Tom "joined" the ship at Calcutta, in March, 1870, a present to the Duke from Sir Jung Bahadoor. He (the elephant) was soon at home in his new quarters, a house built on the upper deck abaft all; he was accompanied by a native mahout, who appeared extremely fond of his charge. Tom's luggage on arrival consisted of two large tin bottles with the words "Elephant's medicine" in red paint, and, of course, his trunk; also, an article he would no doubt have gladly dispensed with, an iron hook with a sharp point; the very sight of this instrument always rendered him nervous. The mahout seemed never tired of petting and cleaning his charge; day after day Tom appeared decorated—strange devices of "caste" in yellow, white, or red, painted on his broad forehead. The mahout was discharged on the ship's arrival at Madras; bitterly he cried as he bade farewell to his dumb friend, with whom he had lived, slept, and eaten since its birth. And now Tom no longer appeared with "caste" marks; in the place thereof "Tom," "Elefant," or the broad arrow, executed in chalk by some blue-jacket. He soon became accustomed to his new keeper, and found his way readily about the deck: blow high or low, rolling or pitching, he never lost his equilibrium; his sea-legs were standing jokes with the men.

Tom knew the pipes for meals as well as any of the crew, and immediately evening quarters were over would march to the fore-castle for a "skylark;" there he was hailed with delight, pampered with biscuit, pea-soup, and tobacco; of the latter he was very fond, and when the men were forbidden to give him this luxury because it disagreed with him, it was most curious to watch him hunting the decks, turning over the coils of ropes, pushing his trunk into every hole and corner in search of a stray quid. He was by no means particular in his diet, hay, corn, grass, wood-shavings, rice, paper, straw, etc.; in fact, thoroughly omnivorous; even a cake of blacking or tea-leaves did not come amiss. In his drinking he was not a whit more delicate or particular; champagne, beer, whiskey, rum (of which he had a daily allowance), brandy, gin, wine, soda and brandy, all were packed away in his trunk without his appearing a bit the "worse for liquor." He never got intoxicated, although, I fear, some efforts have been made in that direction.

Tom did not always wait to be invited. One cold wet night, on the passage between the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand, the middy of the middle

* We are indebted for these notes to one of the officers of the Galatea.

watch boiled a large saucepanful of cocoa; when ready he placed it just outside Tom's house, in front of which was a screen. Tom appeared fast asleep, the lid was on the pot, and all seemed secure. The cook-middy hastened to call his watch-mates, bidding them to the feast while it was hot. Quickly the cold and wet obey the summons, yet all too late. As they near the pot, the savoury steam from which already fills their nostrils, an ominous sound assaults their ears—"h-u-s-s-s-h," "h-u-s-s-s-h." "I know I put the pan here!" exclaims the cook, as he gazes on the vacant deck. "The elephant!" shouts a quick-witted brother mid. Tom's screen is soon torn aside; Tom, the picture of innocence, is there, so also is the pot, minus lid and cocoa. This was too much for the cook; seizing the saucepan by the handle, he belaboured the thief, but unwisely leaving the instrument of castigation close handy, he had hardly turned his back ere a sharp crack caused him to turn again; his new saucepan, bought specially for boiling cocoa, lay in a thousand pieces. Tom had resented his insult by putting his foot on it.

At Auckland, Tom was sent ashore and a shed made of corrugated iron allotted him. One evening, after being shut up for the night, he fancied a stroll, so quietly walked through the walls, as if they had been but so much paper, never heeding the crash that followed his exit. During his walk he came to a well, and well he knew it; standing on the edge was an old enemy of his, and here was a fine opportunity to "feed fat his ancient grudge." His keeper had been in the habit, when Tom wanted a drink, of making him draw his own water; this he did by hoisting the bucket up with his trunk, then, placing his foot on the rope, took a fresh haul, and so on until it reached the top. But now there was no keeper near, the bucket was temptingly near the edge; gradually, inch by inch, the cunning animal pushed the bucket until it overbalanced and fell, as Tom hoped, to be seen no more. But retribution quickly followed; as the bucket descended, whiz! round went the handle, so much to Tom's astonishment and terror that he could never be induced to go near the well again.

Tom's antics and tricks would fill a volume of decent size. We have seen how little he attended to the wise saw of "Let well alone;" another wise saw, "Let sleeping dogs lie," receives as little attention; on the contrary, he delights in rousing them up. He used to wander about best part of the night, and the dogs had a lively time of it; if they were on deck he was sure to find them, then, using one of his huge forelegs as a pendulum, he would commence swinging it over their bodies, gradually bringing it down until it just crushed them; a growl followed, a kick followed the growl, and a howl the kick, and Tom went in search of a fresh victim. One unfortunate sick puppy, placed in his hut overnight, was found next morning resembling a paper dog; Tom had overlaid it like a careless mother. A large kangaroo hound that used to take possession of Tom's straw during his absence would be seen immediately after his return shot out as if from a catapult, Tom's trunk being the propelling power.

To see this huge animal playing with men was a strange sight, so careful not to injure them, letting them pile themselves on his back, trying to rub them off under the stays or against the ropes; hoisting them on to his back with his trunk, or rolling about on the deck with all the abandon of a young kitten,

yet not quite so graceful. His mode of resenting an affront was always odd and harmless—a push from his trunk, doubled up like a cushion to prevent a hard blow. The sentry one Sunday at divisions ordered Tom back into the hut. Tom went in with a look as much as to say "I'll serve you out," waited until the marine had to re-pass the doorway on his beat, and then sent out a shower of small biscuit like hail. How like this trick is to the "Arabian Nights" story of the Elephant and Tailor!

Tom's dimensions, taken on May 1st, 1871, were as follow. He had grown some inches since he came on board, is dark slate-coloured, covered with hairs varying from an inch to three inches in length.

DIMENSIONS.		feet.	in.
Height (extreme)	6	4
Girth round belly	10	6
Height at shoulder	5	9
Length from tip of trunk to end of tail	15	10
Length of trunk (at rest)	4	5
" hind leg	2	10
" fore leg	3	5
" tail	3	8
Trunk, greatest circumference	2	2
" least	0	10
Circumference of hind foot	2	7
Length of ear	1	7
Breadth	1	5
Length of tusk	0	3
Width of forehead	2	11
Distance between eyes	1	8
Weight	nearly 1 ton 10 cwt.	

Thus far writes our correspondent, Tom's fellow-passenger in the "Galatea." The history of the journey from Plymouth to London, and of the fatal accident that befell the keeper, was given in "Land and Water" of June 17th by Mr. Frank Buckland, from the report of Mr. C. Bartlett. Tommy walked quietly into the horse-box prepared for his reception. The partition being removed from an ordinary double box, he had the space of two horses for his accommodation. There were three men with him, Mr. C. Bartlett and Smart from the Zoological Gardens, and William Paton, a corporal of the Marine Artillery, who had been keeper ever since the capture in the Rajah's preserve in Nepal.

As soon as the train got into full speed the elephant began to plunge about, blow his trumpet, and shriek violently. He then turned sharp to his right, broke down the bar between him and Smart, reared up on his hind legs, put his feet up against the little ventilator door in the horse-box, and broke it down. Smart had with him the "driving hook," the ordinary implement used both in India and England for holding and driving. By aid of this and of leather thongs attached to the ears, they were enabled to keep the frightened animal more subdued. Paton complained, however, that he felt "he had some bones broken." In the first plunging of the poor beast, he must have crushed the keeper against the end or side of the horse-box. There was only a small lamp giving a dim light. Before a station was reached at which help could be obtained Paton was dead. Great credit is due to Mr. C. Bartlett and his companion Smart for sticking to their post of duty, "shut up as they were for nine hours with the terrified beast, through the dark hours of the night, in a dark railway horse-box, running at great speed."

Tom was soon safely housed at the Zoological Gardens. The details of his size and weight on arriving in England we have given for comparison with future reports of his growth.